

Ten people in a room
 The hostess's room, pale ecru grace
 A back-ground to green comfort,
 And at the windows ecru lace,
 Two long divans, upright but soft;
 Two lamps of ecru marble,
 Their light is soft and cold,
 More bright
 Is light
 From flaming words she speaks.

Two people much in love
 No words do speak, but only looks.

Beyond the windows
 Black crows flying through the blue
 dusk, south.
 A chipmunk playing in the yard.

"Do you like these poems of Miss C?"
 "No——Do you like simplicity?
 I'm simply wild about it,
 In everything, both art and life."
 "These poems of Miss C.
 Are very simple"—(This not heard)
 "We've rented a studio downtown.
 You must come in and see it."

The hostess reads,
 A young man says,
 "I like the spirit of that piece."
 "'You mean, 'Let morals go?'"
 "Oh no
 The summer wind that's sighing
 through it."

—Jane Beuret

MEMORY

Memory is a ghostly
 child of man—
 here when denied;
 there when desired.
 The faint perfume
 of other hours
 lingers like a halo
 glorifying time—
 a wraithlike mist
 gleaming palely in
 the shadows of
 yesterday
 enhancing sunshine of
 today.

—Marion Ballinger

Walking the city street
 deep in twilight
 wet and shiny pavements
 reflected the yellow glow
 of street lamps.
 Smoke drifted between
 the roofs.
 Choking smoggy twilight
 hanging as a weighted
 pall.

In the rifted clouds I saw
 the new and slender
 crescent moon.

Tranquil

She sailed below a
 peaked shingled roof—
 and left the smoky
 haze of street lamps
 reflected on wet pavements
 and me—
 alone and walking
 the city street in
 twilight.

—Marion Ballinger.

NOSTALGIA

Sigh, oh wind, sigh for me,
 In the boughs of the old elm-tree.
 Here am I, on the earth,
 Lacking freedom, lacking mirth,
 While you blow through the merry
 leaves,
 And carry the swallows from under the
 eaves
 Into the blue and cloud-flung sky;
 While you blow on the rollicking waves,
 Sending the sun-jewelled water high
 Into the periwinkled caves;
 Making the sea, and the land-air mingle,
 Blow back from the coast, my nostrils
 tingle——

Sigh, oh wind, sigh for me,
 In the boughs of the old elm-tree.

—Jane Beuret